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AND

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF *Netterville:*

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN

CHAPTER X.

"AH, my friend?" cried Latimer, gaily—"have I not warned you of my revengeful spirit, and yet you will play the gallant with my intended."—"And is Miss Walsingham," exclaimed Lewisham, "really the ward of Lord Newark?"—"Mighty well!" retorted Latimer smiling, "and so you never heard her name before to-day?"—"Oh Latimer," exclaimed Lewisham, "this is no time for raillery; tell me, I conjure you," his voice trembling from conflicting emotions, "is Miss Walsingham the object of your choice? is she the ward of Lord Newark? and does she receive your addresses?" Latimer replied in the affirmative. "But my friend," continued he, "how is it, that I behold you so agitated? Can it be possible that you are acquainted with Clara?"—"I have long known and loved her," said Lewisham, "heaven knows how ardently, how sincerely I have loved her, to you I confide that, which has till now been concealed within the secret recesses of my soul, to your better fortune I resign her; and—but I will not, I cannot see her again—Alas! I can never behold her the wife of another—O my friend! may heaven shower its choicest blessings upon you both, you are rich and affluent, I am below her consideration—forget, despise, hate me.—So saying, he hastily caught Latimer's hand, and letting it go abruptly, quitted the room—Capt. Latimer stood for some moments lost in astonishment at his strange conduct; at first he determined to pursue and overtake our hero, then he resolved to go to his lodgings, and wait his return; however, self-interest here interposed; what could he say to alleviate his anguish, he could not resign Clara; no, that was impossible—but he had no right to interpose between her and Lewisham; had they not both a freedom of action, and was not the latter as likely to gain her affections as himself. Alas! he feared more so, and love overcame friendship; his heart, also told him, that perhaps he was indebted to Lord Newark for Miss Walsingham's favourable reception of himself, and having finally determined to let things quietly take their course, he returned home satisfied within himself, that a fortnight would bear his so much dreaded rival from the competition, as that time only remained of the leave of absence which had been granted him.

Lewisham returned to his solitary apartment, with a mind racked by doubt, vexation, and inquietude; he imagined he had now attained the climax of misery, for beyond the loss of Clara, what had misfortune to inflict? "A few months," cried he, "a very few months, and she will become the wife of Latimer, it will then be criminal to think of her; O Clara! how dreadful is it, thus suddenly to be awakened from those day dreams of felicity, in which I have so long indulged; how dreadful it is thus suddenly to lose every hope of happiness, to feel the heart the prey of desolation and despair, to feel myself precluded from the gentle sympathy I have so long cherished the hope of awakening in thy bosom; how have the short moments of happiness I have experienced in thy society, embittered my future prospects, and given me an acuter feeling of misery than any I have before experienced.—Alas! weak is resolution when warring against passion; an unpardonable vanity has misled my better judgment, has induced me to hope when I ought to have despaired. Amiable Clara, kind, generous Mrs. Walsingham, how did your liberal, and disinterested charity, teach my heart feelings it ought still to have been a stranger to, how did it teach me to forget the distance fortune had placed between us. But I will not repine, I will endeavour to bear my unhappy destiny without complaining; I will quit town to-morrow, and ere long, the sea will separate us—perhaps for ever!"—

Lewisham appropriated that evening to business, he arranged every thing previous to his departure, and having packed up as many necessary stores, as the shortness of time would admit, and placed his few remaining valuables, under the care of his landlady, to be delivered into the hands of Miss Nugent on her arrival in town; he sat down and wrote that lady an account of his destination, and having poured forth freely the ebullitions of a sincere and lasting gratitude for her kindness and liberality, he consigned it likewise to the care of Mrs. Dixon, and then concluded the night in solitary wretchedness; in vain he attempted to read, his mind was too much occupied with disagreeable reflections to permit him to attend to his book, and he hastened to bed in vain hope of losing his cares in forgetfulness. Night, however, brought with it no relief, a thousand painful and distressing images presented themselves before him, and harrowed up his feelings; at one moment he beheld Clara in imagination, dispensing happinesss to Latimer; he beheld her diffusing

those smiles to another, he would himself have died to obtain; he imagined also, that he beheld her in the arms of his more fortunate rival, and his soul sickened at the sight; then again he viewed in idea the happy Latimer, in the exultation of felicity, revealing to her the despair, he had that morning been a witness of, and he fancied he beheld in her countenance, a mixture of pity at his misery, and anger at his presumption. Sleep was intirely precluded from his pillow, and as soon as the morning dawned he rose, determined to go to Lord Newark's as early as possible. The agitation of his mind, and his eagerness to have the visit over, made him think every moment an hour, and he awaited with the greatest impatience for the clock striking eleven, when he posted to Cavendish-square. Having gained admittance, he proceeded with his accustomed familiarity into the breakfast-parlour, where an object presented itself to his view, which prevented his observing a thousand others had they been present also; this object was Clara Walsingham sitting on a sopha, to all appearance in an agony of sorrow, and Mr. Mathuen at her side, one of his arms was clasped round her waist, as if supporting her, the other held the hand of Clara, which he several times raised to his lips with rapture—"My dear Clara," cried he, without noticing the intrusion of our hero, "My dear Clara, if I had, had the least idea, that this intelligence would have so agitated you, I would have died rather than have been the communicator; tell me, I beseech you," continued he, "have I your pardon?" and he flung himself on his knees, "will you not continue to love me?"—"My dear Mr. Mathuen," returned she, "doubt not my affection towards you, my love, my unalterable love is yours,"—"And will you promise me," cried he, "that no other affection, no prior claim, shall deprive me of your regard—will not Latimer?"

Lewisham now advanced towards them, with a countenance as pale as death, while that of Clara was instantly suffused with crimson; she attempted in vain to recover her composure, while Mathuen rose hastily from his knees, and gathering up a number of papers which were scattered about the sopha, immediately quitted the room. As he approached the door, one of them accidentally fell from his hand, which Lewisham observed, and rose with an intention of presenting it to Clara, but as he stooped to pick it up, his eyes were involuntary attracted by the following words—"O Mathuen! Mathuen! what is life if I am commanded to be separated from thee!"—The hand in which these words were written appeared familiar to him, and he immediately concluded it to be Clara's; he advanced towards her—her cheek was still wet with tears, he presented the paper, her hand trembled as she received it from him—"How unfortunate is poor Latimer," cried he attempting to conceal his agitation; Clara made no reply, but the blood mounted into her cheek with increased impetuosity. "Miss Walsingham," continued he, his voice scarcely audiable, from contending emotions, "I leave town to-morrow to join my regiment, in a short time I shall quit England—perhaps to return no more! permit me, therefore ere I leave you for ever, to express my sincere and fervent gratitude for your kindness and generosity towards me—permit me to wish your felicity may be as great, as perfect, as unchangeable as this frail state of mortality will permit! O," added he, rising and walking about the room in great discomposure, "fatal was your pity—dangerous your allurements!"

Clara heard not the last sentence, yet she caught some part of his agitation. He again approached her, his voice softening, as he anticipated the probability of beholding her no more, and taking her hand between both his, he pressed it fervently to his lips, and sighing deeply, exclaimed, "I had hoped that some few would have regretted my absence—would have been interested in my success—would have lamented my fall, had my unfortunate destiny—" "Good Heavens! Mr. Netterville," said Clara, now first raising her eyes, which were suffused with tears—"and do you not suppose that we are all interested in your welfare? Heaven knows I wish you every possible happiness, and hope you will soon return to spend your days in the society of your friends." "O, never never!" cried Lewisham; "your society has been the bane of my felicity—it has blasted my peace of mind for ever!" The countenance of Clara changed during the conclusion of this speech alternately from red to pale: "I have not, I think," cried she, rather indignantly, "given you any reason, Mr. Netterville, to insult me; I have not expressed any——" "Hold, my dear Miss Walsingham," said he, seizing her hand: "pardon, and believe me, I meant not to reproach you when I said it was your society which had been the bane of my peace—no! it was your goodness, your gentleness, your sweetness, the many amiable qualities of your heart, the excellence of your understanding—it was those thousand nameless graces both of mind and person, which taught my heart to feel and admire; happy had it been for me, could I have stopped only at admiration—but alas! Clara, I loved you with an humble, fervent, disinterested affection, and deluded my foolish heart with airy and vain hopes, which some information I yesterday received dissipated for ever! Captain Latimer——" The entrance of Lord Newark and Mathuen put an end to the conversation; when Lewisham, having signified the intention of his visit, and received many wishes of sincere friendship, hastily bade them adieu; and ere night, arrived in safety at the place where his regiment waited for sailing orders.

"I know not how it is," said Lady Newark, as Lewisham quitted the room, "but I am somehow or other strangely interested in the fate of this young man; there is such candour in his countenance, such noblenesss of mind evinced in his conversation—and he is so strikingly like what your lordship was at his age, that I really think I should be deeply afflicted if any evil were to befal him." "It is a dangerous service," said Lord Newark, shaking his head——"I fear so." Clara shuddered. "But if he returns victorious," said Mr. Mathuen, "I verily think he will be tempted to cast his laurels at the feet of Miss Walsingham: I never saw such glances as those he threw on me, only for accidentally being tete-a-tete with her this morning."—Clara affected to smile, but a tear unconsciously stole down her cheek. "I think you promised me, my love," said Lady Newark, "that you would relate to me the manner in which you first became acquainted with this young man." "It was about six months since, madam," replied Clara, "that as my mother was returning from Bath, she accidentally saw Mr. Netterville seated on the side of the high road, the press for carriages to convey troops being so great as to deprive him of any other method than walking to K——, the place whither he was going. My mother took him into her carriage, and drove him to the inn at K——, where his father lay dead of a mortification occasioned by an overturn from a chaise. In the ride, my mother became so interested in his favour, that she re-

quested to see him often during his stay; and an intimacy ensued, which ended with his departure for Northumberland."

"Pray, Miss Walsingham," said Lord Newark, "did you ever hear the name of old Mr. Netterville?" "Lewisham, my lord." Then he was one of the worthiest characters that ever breathed, and a distant relation of yours, Lady Newark, for he was the son of old Campbell of Castle ——; I remember him well in India: his sad fate was generally lamented. But I thought the only child he ever had was a daughter, Miss Nugent was an early and sincere friend to him; and Mrs. Nugent, poor thing! I wonder how she bore the intelligence of his death.—Miss Walsingham, will you favour me with half an hour's conversation in the library?"—Clara rose, and followed Lord Newark, in the expectation of she knew not what; she had been an attentive listener to the last part of his speech, and could not but expect, from his wish to speak to her alone, that he had something to add on the same subject.—Having closed the door, and led her to a seat, he began as follows: "My dear Miss Walsingham, that I acknowledge my claim on you as your guardian, is my pride; it is with pride also I behold in the daughter of Mrs. Walsingham so bright a pattern of female excellence; believe, also, that tho' I am in no haste to lose my office, yet I should be extremely glad to see you happily and prudently settled: this then is my present motive for addressing you;"—(The palpitation of Clara's heart increased at these words, and she fixed her eyes on the carpet, in anxious expectation of what was to follow).—"My nephew, Mr. Latimer, is desirous of laying his person and fortune at your feet;"—(Clara felt herself disappointed) "and independent of his present good fortune and future expectancies, his connections, his person, and his character are well worthy of some consideration—he possesses an amiable temper and a generous heart." "Alas! my lord," interrupted Clara, "I can only say, that all the advantages you enumerate cannot by me be put in competition with the feelings of my own heart, and I am convinced that it can never beat in unison with that of Captain Latimer." "But Clara," said his lordship, smiling at her vehemence, "know you not that he is heir to my title and estate." "Titles, my lord, will not ensure happiness, and my own fortune will content me; I am humble in my wishes, moderate in my desires. But in your lordship's zeal for Mr. Latimer, you have forgotten Mr. Mathuen." "The misfortune of his birth will preclude my son from enjoying any part of my hereditary inheritance; and shall I tell you the truth, it would give me infiinte satisfaction if I could restore to the daughter of Mrs. Walsingham that which misfortune deprived her family of. But give me leave, my dear, to hope that you will think of this conversation, and permit Latimer to try the effect of time and assiduity, which may perhaps yet interest you in his favour." "Believe me, my lord, I should be happy to comply with any request of yours; but in the present instance I cannot deceive Captain Latimer with false hopes, for I am convinced my sentiments with respect to him cannot alter." "What am I to think, my love, from all this?" asked Lord Newark; "answer me candidly—have you any prior attachment—have you ever seen any man you prefer to Latimer?" Clara's face was covered with blushes; but attempting to laugh off her confusion, she answered, "I have, my lord—your lordship, Mr. Mathuen, almost every man of my acquaintance; believe me when I assure you, (that is, if I know any thing of my own heart) a union with such a man as Captain Latimer would render me miserable." "Then this is the answer I am to give him?" "No, my lord: be so kind as to return him my sincere thanks for his good opinion of me, and assure him, I should be happy to evince my gratitude, if it were in my power, by more than words—but I cannot deceive. Have I your lordship's permission to retire?" "Yes, if you feel no inclination to make me your confidant, Come, tell me, (taking her hand)——who is to be the happy man?" Clara's eyes again sought the carpet, and his lordship, looking earnestly at her a few moments, let her hand drop, and opening the door, wished her a good morning, "for it is most time, I see," said he, looking at his watch, "for me to attend the House."

Clara now called for her carriage, and young Mathuen hearing the door of the library open, hastily advanced to escort her to it. As the step was putting up he said, "I hope, my dear Miss Walsingham, you will soon recover the agitation your spirits have sustained. God bless you!—I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you in the afternoon."

We shall proceed in the succeeding chapter to give the adventures of Mrs. and Miss Walsingham, from the time our hero quitted them at K——, to that in which he first saw the young lady in London.

ANECDOTE.

Of Sir W. Noy, attorney general to king Charles the first.

THREE graziers at a fair left their money with their hostess, while they went to transact their business. A short time after, one of them returned, and under pretence that they had occasion for the whole money, received it from the hostess, and made his escape with it. The other two sued the woman for delivering that which she had received *from the three*, before *the three* came and demanded it. The cause was tried, and a verdict found against the woman,—when Mr. Noy, then making his first appearance at the bar, wished to be feed by her, because he could not plead without it. He then moved an arrest of judgment, that he was retained by the defendant, and that the case was this. The defendant had received the money of the three together, and confesses, *she was not to deliver it until the same three demanded it, and therefore*, the money is ready—*let the three men come, and it shall be paid.* This motion altered the whole course of proceeding, and first brought Mr. Noy into notice.

A PLAYER AND A PARSON.

Quin being asked by a clergyman, who was not very earnest in his profession, to go and hear him preach; was asked by the parson on his return how he liked his sermon? "Sir," replied he, "you are *a better actor* than I am."

To some foolish, foppish, conceited popular preacher, who in a flippant manner asked the actor to go and see him *peep over the timber* (his cant word for preaching) Quin properly enough replied, "I had rather see you peep *through* the timber." (i. e. stand on the pillory.)

A person being recommended to plant on his estate, *because it would be for the benefit of posterity*, replied, "that if he could find *posterity* had done any thing for *him*, he would do that for *posterity*, but until then he would not take the trouble."

A CLIMAX.

The following title of a work exhibits a regular climax not unfrequently exemplified in modern times; letters on *Love*, *Marriage*, and *Adultry*.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

RECENTLY it has become fashionable among many of the beaux of Philadelphia, to address anonymous letters to amiable young ladies, through the medium of the Post-Office. Some avow the most invincible attachment, and others caution them against associating with certain gentlemen, whose characters are unsullied. Whenever a practice, Sir, becomes prevalent, either mean in itself or mischievous in its operation, it is a duty incumbent upon the philanthropist, to endeavour to check it—at least to expose it. The pusillanimity and wickedness of the one in question, must be obvious to every one. Much has been said, concerning the improper conduct of the ladies, whilst that of the gentlemen has been scarcely noticed. An anxious solicitude for the welfare of the female sex, and a desire to render equal justice, will, I hope, induce you to give publicity to the following letters over the signature of "*Alfred Monrow*" and "*Philo-Prudentia.*" The one with the fictitious name *Alfred Monrow* annexed to it, was, a few days ago addressed to an amiable young lady of this city, who, possessing more prudence than some of her sex, did not make a reply. But, on application, granted permission to *Philo-Prudentia* (one of her friends) who, no doubt feels interested in the cause of humanity.—Alfred's letter does not appear to be written with as much pusillanimity as some I have seen, but the exposition is proper—notwithstanding. M. A. N.

Philadelphia, July 23d, 1804.

TO MISS MARY *****,

I shall not address you in the flattering language which I know my sex to be guilty of, which I know would be disgusting to a woman of your judgment and understanding; but rather address you in the language by which I would wish you to learn I had the happiness of seeing you at Miss B's and I happened to be one of the company there a few days ago, when my good fortune brought you thither: *I saw you, I admired you, and I loved you, and I was resolved to be admitted into your presence*—I hope I shall not ask in vain, in asking you to be so good as to indulge me with a few lines by Thursday, that I may learn whether this meets with your exceptance and whether you will permit me the happiness this letter requests— ALFRED MONROW.

to whom be pleased to direct your expected letter.

TO ALFRED MONROW.

SIR,

HEREWITH you will receive your raphsodical and puerilical address to Miss Mary ***** of this city, which has not only met with her "Ex-ceptance" but has even excited indignation. The intemperance, Sir, which you manifested on this occasion, is extremely reprehensible—and your insipid ribaldry equally as disgusting. The whole production, in fact, is a complication of excessive wickedness and egregious folly. You say "I saw you, I admired you, I loved you, and resolved to be admitted into your presence" and then request a few lines of comfort to be left at the Post-Office for Alfred Monrow. What is this, sir, but excessive wickedness? It is evident that you wished to impose upon honest credulity, and then induce Miss —— to act incompatible with the dictates of *prudence*—which artifice I conceive to be derogatory to the character of a gentleman, and even degrading to those who are solicitous to ingratiate themselves with the female sex. Prudence, you ought to know, is Virtue's safeguard—*its brightest ornament and its best defence.* Exterminate the one, the other is a mere phantom—an ideal something that only fascinates, or, allures the imbecile observer. Without prudence, virtue can have no charms.—How flagitious and iniquitous then must that man be, who would wish to rob innocence of this embellishment; this primordial of female virtue—Here I cannot forbear exclaiming "O man, where is thy dignity! and O conscience, where is thy sting." But, Alfred, perhaps you are destitute of both. Methinks, indeed, that you are one of the most abandoned of the sex; or why would you be prostrate and forlorn. Possessing no mental accomplishments (as is evident from your communication) and being entirely destitute of those noble, those exquisite and refined feelings, which are so peculiarly pleasing to the philanthropist, you are not entitled to the esteem of one estimable female. In vain then may you say *I see you, I admire you, I love you:* such pretensions must ever be impervious. To say you *admire* a girl at *first sight*, may be correct; but to say you *love* her, is *indelicate*—and of course highly obnoxious to the virtuous female. Genuine love cannot be so easily excited.

A word now, Alfred, respecting your egregious folly. Can it be possible that, any man susceptible of the least discernment, could ever think of obtaining the affections of a virtuous female, by addressing her through the medium of the Post-Office.—No: the idea is absurd. Frequently as this mode is resorted to, it always terminates to his *disparagement.* Personal application, in courtship, appears to be indispensible—indeed, it is absolutely necessary, in order to excite reciprocity, and insure permanent esteem—which are so essential to matrimonial felicity. Besides—when a man addresses a lady (that is one whom he admires) through any indirect means, it is a tacit acknowledgment, and proof *quantum sufficit*, that he possesses no intrinsic merit; no qualification, to recommend himself to her notice. Every modest and prudent girl must therefore spurn his pretences and detest his folly.

Admitting for a moment, Alfred, that a girl may be attracted by this mode of procedure, is it not foolish for any gentleman, to attempt to run so precipitately into the "Marriage halter?" Shall a mere sight of a girl at a Miss "B's" or a Miss Q's be sufficient to *flush his spirits into raptures*, and induce him to walk with her into the Hymenial court? No. Physiognomy with all its power is inadequate. It requires time to penetrate into inward woman. Distortion must vanish and dissimulation be extirpated. He must *know* that she possesses *virtue to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and good sense to estimate its infinite value*, or his happiness must inevitably be of short duration. In order to render the marriage state happy, there should be "a marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests"—and the parties ought to possess a complete knowledge of their dispositions, their virtues and their vices. Destitute of this qualification, and without previously obtaining this important knowledge, marriage becomes a *curse* instead of a *blessing*—and those are fools who (under such circumstances) partake of it.

Alfred, I am growing weary, and these reflections are painful to my feelings. Anxious to avoid prolixity, I shall bid you farewell, with the following advice—

Whenever you again think of writing to a female, I conjure you to return to your closet, hold up the mirror, and view your deformity. If your vileness and egregious folly has not already sunk you into a state of *incorrigibleness*, a few moments of reflection, will, I am convinced, have a salutary effect. I pray

God to inspire you with wisdom and to cause a speedy reformation.

PHILO-PRUDENTIA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

THE following letters between Madame Bonaparte and Madame Moreau, are of a nature which I think entitle them to preservation in the columns of the Repository; "the one is witten by a lady near 50, sharing a throne; the other by a young beauty of 22, who has been refused to share a dungeon with her husband."—The history of the misfortunes of the brave Moreau, is well known, but too lengthy for detail—these letters serve to show the different dispositions which pride, and virtue are capable of producing—the haughty, insulting inhumanity of the one, and the amiable magnanimity of the other.

Your's, Z.

To Madame Moreau.

"Paris, 22d Ventose, year XII.
"March, 18, 1804.

"Madame,

"Though the crimes of your husband are great, the clemency of the first consul is greater; and my friendship for you, and my compassion for a person so dear to you, surpass both. Apprehend, therefore, nothing for general Moreau's life. By the very constitution which he intended to overturn, the chief magistrate, possesses the power to pardon; and I *promise you* that it shall be *employed* in this affair. Do not, however, by any ill-advised indiscretions of yourself and of your friends aggravate the enormity of your husband's guilt. They alone can shut the door of mercy forever, and bring general Moreau to the scaffold.

"I salute you cordially,
Josephine Bonaparte."

Madame Moreau to Madame Bonaparte.

"Gresbois, March 19, 1804.

"Madame,

"I cannot be called indiscreet in saying, that your assertion, that declares my husband guilty, is rash, ungenerous and cruel. I do not wish to enter into a discussion unbecoming myself and my husband. *Who is the criminal?* he who, disinterested and without stain, has served *his country;* or he who *served France*, only to become a tyrant over Frenchmen. He whose victories pacified Europe; or the foreigner, who made those victories subservient to organize his oppressions over France and all nations. He, who in the most corrupted country dared to be honest, and had the courageous modesty to confound himself in the crowd, after he had resigned the supreme command; or he, who owes every advancement towards authority, to some new crime, and has, therefore, no other choice left but between power and death—a throne or a scaffold. But let general Moreau appear before impartial judges, and not before pensioned assassins! Let him be tried by men whose lives are as pure as his own, and not by persons, accomplices in the attrocities of General Bonaparte, and whose past crimes answer for their present obedience; and I promise you, that justice, in pronouncing his honourable acquital, will dispatch an order for arrest (un mandat d'arret) of the really culpable of high treason against France—against the world.

"Cease, Madam, to mock humanity, and to insult my feelings, by talking of your husband's clemency and mercy!—Gracious God! how canst thou suffer, without inflicting chastisement, the profanation of these words? The clemency, the mercy of that cruel man, who even in his youth, had the ferocity to inundate the streets and squares of Toulon and Paris, with the blood of innocent men, women and children! who ordered those soldiers, who, in Italy, with their blood, earned his laurels, to be drowned or buried alive! who, in Syria, in the same city poisoned his wounded companions in arms, and butchered his disarmed prisoners! who hired an assassin to stab one rival, Gen. Kleber, in Egypt; and who invents plots, and bribes tribunals to dishonour or murder in France, another rival general, whom he could find no banditti audacious enough to pierce!!

"General Bonaparte's reign of crime and of terror may be prosperous, but it cannot be long. Success attended Robespierre, but in a short time the guillotine punished his barbarity! Providence is always just; the same in 1804 as in 1794. My husband and myself are as resigned to the will of the Almighty, as we are firm in a belief of an hereafter—terrible for assassins, poisoners, atheists, and tyrants, but consoling to suffering innocence upon earth. I salute you,

Julia Moreau."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

FORTITUDE in adversity is peculiar to those who possess great minds:—But that magnanimity which is produced by a consciousness of acting agreeable to virtue, beams forth a radiance too powerful for the diseased optics of vice, and withers the branches of calumny. A.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

LETTER,

FROM DR. S. F*****, TO MISS ELIZA F*****.

Capes of the Delaware,
Ship China, June 28, 1804.

DEAR ELIZA,

BY the return of the pilot, I have taken the liberty to trouble you with a few lines, as probably it may not be in my power to write to you for some time, as at sea, it is impossible to hold that ready communication which the establishment of regular posts renders so easy, safe and practicable on land; but, as every situation in life has its portion of misery and of felicity, as every rose is surrounded by thorns, so every sweet has its bitter and pleasure has constanly for its handmaid and attendant pain: Such is the lot of man, such the situation of poor frail mortals in this terrestrial world; for the wealthy, while wallowing in the lap of ease, luxury and plenty, are as far from experiencing unalloyed felicity, nay, perhaps farther than the humble mendicant that subsists upon the charity of the community; yes, I say the poor beggar is frequently happier than the titled slave or the rich nabob; the reason is obvious, as perfect felicity is unattainable, and as all men are not of this belief, they seek after but not finding it, become miserable; as they are palled by enjoyment, and every want immediately gratified, every sense satisfied, they lose a relish for those things which, used in moderation, would afford pleasure; and life becomes a dull monotony; they are ever endeavouring to discover new sources of amusement which, when found, ere long cease to have an influence and they are again miserable; to spend their time, they frequent the midnight shew and the public festival: or indulge in the revels of Bacchus which soon bring on diseases of the most excrutiating kind, and ere long they lay down their miserable existence.

The true secret of happines I believe to consist in contentment "a contented mind is a continual feast," says a celebrated sage; to be content with what is in our power to obtain, to enjoy what we possess and not to envy others, to endeavour by all laudable means to acquire the comforts and conveniences of life, but not to repine for want of those that are unattainable, or if procured, instead of affording happiness would add or increase our misery. I hold it therefore the duty of every person to take a just

and laudable care for a living, to endeavour by just and equitable means to increase his pecuniary interests so much that he may be enabled to live with comfort, decency and independence; that he may be enabled to educate his offspring in a manner suited for the stations which he designs them to fill, or that they have talents to conduct themselves in: I believe that it is requisite for every person to have as good an education as the circumstances of their parents will admit them to give, that he may be enabled to "do justice, love mercy, act uprightly," obey the laws, lessen the quantum of human misery, and in all things so to conduct himself as to be an example of a great and good character for succeeding generations to imitate.

You perhaps may ask, why I trouble you with these things, seeing they are of no consequence to you? but ere you say this, let me dilate for a while—are you not a rational being, subject to pain, influenced by pleasure, governed by reason, and liable to be led astray by passions or the false glare of assumed virtue in unison with happiness? capable of sentiments the most refined and exalted, what do I say, capable thereof? yea, I will add, possessing them, if so you must know, you do know that you have the mazy paths of life and character as well as happiness to walk in—many will try to deceive; some, no doubt, will be anxious for your good; you must learn to discriminate between the sycophant, the flatterer, and those that respect, esteem, love and admire you.

You have an expanded field open to your view, the volume of nature is before you; it has hardly yet been opened, it has never been perused attentively, read and study therein, acquire wisdom and learn, that upon yourself depends your present and your future happiness or misery; if so, it well becomes you to study nature and nature's works; to be acquainted with the principles of action and the influence of external agents upon the intellectual faculties of man; by man, I mean the whole human race; for I believe that females enjoy as great a portion of intellectual abilities as man, although the latter has been pleased to stile himself "lord of the creation"—he would be of little account without woman, for it is to females we owe a very great portion of our pleasures, cares and anxieties; who would toil to accumulate property but for the pleasure of enjoying it with the mistress of his heart? of participating with her in the pleasures, the amusements and the advantages arising from a moderate independence, enjoyed with prudence and seasoned by a rational exercise of the mental faculties?—

As you have to live in the world, it is necessary to conform to the prejudices and the fashions thereof to a certain degree; to obtain the good opinion of mankind, their respect being necessary to female happiness—let me therefore advise you to think ere you act, and to consult with your parents before you take any material steps in life.

I remain sincerely and affectionately,
Your's
S. F*****.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SLAVERY.

"Strange is it that our bloods—
Whose colour, weight, and heat pour'd out together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty." *Shakspeare.*

THE injustice, and inhumanity of enslaving, and holding in bondage our fellow creatures, is an axiom of nature, that I rank among those self-evident truths, which are not susceptible of controversy; and, of course, preclude the possibility of a doubt. I sincerely regret, that, so few of my fellow citizens agree with me in this opinion. Who is there, that, feelingly alive, to the woes and miseries of others, can so degrade the dignity of human nature, as to trample on, or infringe their liberties? Are not all men equal? It is asserted, that "of one blood, God made all nations that dwell under heaven." Then, who is there so unprincipled as to violate the equal and sacred rights of man, by contributing to a practice, that produces such a catalogue of crimes, as that of enslaving his own species; and this, for no other purpose, than the sordid gain, deduced from the sweat and labour of the unfortunate victims of his cruelty? Methinks I hear the groans of oppressed Africa "borne o'er the Atlantic wave on the wings of fancy" sufficient to harrow up the soul of sensibility, and awaken the unfeeling advocate of slavery, to a sense of his perilous situation.—Ah! were Americans to reflect, how much this sinful and pernicious practice of slave-keeping, tarnishes the escutchion of liberty, they would, entirely, extirpate this national iniquity, "written throughout in characters of blood." TYRO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

"Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where e'er *caprice*, or folly steers."

MR. SCOTT,

HAVING lately made the human mind the subject of contemplation, and endeavoured, from a variety of surprising effects, to infer what might probably be their causes, I found my progress in philosophical enquiry very much impeded by a certain something, which seems to baffle all researches, and which, till we get a better name, I shall call *caprice*. The following remarks are intended to induce some of your learned correspondents, to favour us with a disquisition on this almost unaccountable subject. This compound is made up entirely of contradictory ingredients. It is violent and changeable, complacent and malevolent, beneficial and hurtful, cheerful and melancholy, amiable and odious, happy and miserable, virtuous and vicious, proud servile, avaricious and prodigal, candid and suspicious, courageous an cowardly: in short, there is scarcely an inconsistency with which it is not chargeable. It disposes the mind to adopt its extravagancies, without even the least shadow of reason—to praise, admire, and extol, where censure would be proper—to blame, despise, and detract, where applause is richly merited; directed by no other aim than its own gratification, it is impetuous in its desires, lavish in its favours, and implacable in its hatreds. It has prevailed in all ages, and is to be found in every climate; in no countries is it more to be dreaded, than in those subject to despotic power, it has influence in monarchies, and even republics are sometimes obedient to it. It forms a conspicuous trait in the character of the females, and of men, who, in point of character, approach near to the females. It incites the beau to change his mistress as often as his boots; and the belle to discard her lover, and then sigh for his return. It creates quarrels between lovers, and then patches up a reconciliation. It makes and breaks the bonds of friendship. In short, to its tyrannical power human nature is subject.

The fond mother, who lavishes her affections on one, perhaps the most undeserving, of her children, and throws away, without reason, that affection which was equally the right of every one of the others; so that even her husband is in a great measure excluded, is wretchedly under the power of this domineering ty-

rant. But mark how she is repaid!—this object of excessive fondness seldom or ever repays her kindness with gratitude; vain and ignorant, either supposing this kindness the reward of his superior merit, or laughing at the weakness of his parent, who cannot withhold from him the means of gratifying his appetites, he falls into vice, and instead of being the pride and comfort of his aged parents, he becomes their scourge and torment, and very often 'brings down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

The preceptor of youth, whose conduct one would expect to be guided by rules of rectitude, will select as a favorite, one, perhaps the most stupid of his pupils, on him he smiles, even when angry, on him he is profuse of his favours, him he praises and extols above measure. Another is devoted to displeasure,—to endure the taunts and sarcasms of *caprice*—to be chastised for faults not his own—to have his genius cramped, and his love of learning blasted, by the consideration, that instead of being rewarded for industry, he is censured—that instead of gaining the deserved honour, he is contemned and insulted: thus, the one becomes elated with self-importance, presumption, and arrogance, the other depressed by the opinion of his own insignificance, and stupidity. Both opinions are equally remote from that well known, and much approved, Grecian maxim γνωθι σεαυτον;* which ought be impressed on the memory of every one, as it was, in the ages of antiquity, engraven above the doors of the churches, in letters of gold.

This capricious conduct is not confined to one class of teachers, it prevails from the pedagogue to the learned *Doctor*. We see, therefore, the inefficacy of learning to erase it from the human constitution. As our physicians seem inclined to treat every disorder of the human system, whether mental, or bodily, as, a disease which may be cured by proper medicine; it is to be hoped that some of these gentlemen would prescribe, either the prevention, or cure of this malady. Such a prescription would be infinitely more beneficial to society than 'Church's cough-drops,' or all the 'anti-bilious defluxions' which have been invented ever since the origin of quackery.

OBSERVER.

* Know thyself.

Men's industry is spent in receiving the rents of a place; there is little left for discharging the duty of it.

A DUEL.

Dr. Young was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up by water to Vauxhall, and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came along-side the boat in which were the doctor and his party. The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of the officers instantly asked why he ceased to play, or put up his flute? "For the same reason (said he) that I took it out—to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, that if he did not instantly take out his flute, and continue his music, he would throw him into the Thames. The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult, and continued to play all the way up the river. During the evening however, he observed the officer by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black coat as well as under a red one, I expect that you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*." The doctor further covenanted, that the affair should be decided by swords. To all these conditions the officer assented. The duellists met, but the moment the officer took the ground, the doctor pulled out a horse pistol. "What, (said the officer) do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No, (replied the doctor) but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." The officer began to bluster, but the doctor was resolute, and he was obliged to comply. "Now," said Young, "you forced me to play against my will, and I have made you dance against yours; we are therefore again on a level, and whatever other satisfaction you may require, I am ready to give it."

The officer acknowledged his error, and the affair terminated in a lasting friendship.

DOMESTIC ENJOYMENT.

TO see a well regulated family acting as if they were one body, informed by one soul, where "If one member suffered, all the members suffered with it;" to see those who are embarked together in one bottom, whose interests are inseparably united, and whose hearts ought to be so too—to see those acting in concert, adopting each others cares, uniting their friendly beams, and jointly promoting their common happiness, is the most pleasing picture in human life, and must excite either our envy or our emulation.

Behold the pleasing scene, the master of a family influenced by the spirit of religion, walking before his house with a perfect heart!—See him assisting with soft language of conjugal affection the cares of his partner, and by a thousand tender offices, endearing himself to his little stock! see his kindness, hear his tenderness to his servants, and behold him smile on all around; the mild influences of love run down through every branch, and diffuse general happiness. Here dwell peace and harmony, the hospitable dome, unfolds its doors and bids a cheerful welcome to the gentle visitor, whose enlivening conversation adds greatly to the pleasure of the scene,—nor does the child of distress and want ever supplicate relief in vain.

Oh, ye celestial spirits whose bland smile,
From Heaven's high azure, beams on motal life,
Whose guardian care averts the envenom'd guile;
Whose soothing breath disarms the rage of strife,
Around this peaceful mansion soft diffuse,
The kindliest blessings of etherial love.

TRIFLE.

A Fellow lately brought before a magistrate in Dublin, on a charge of an assault, candidly acknowledge that he had a *hand* in *kicking* the plaintiff down stairs.

Philadelª, *Aug.* 18, 1804.

MARRIED—On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Smith Mr. *David Neiss*, to Miss *Ann Hamilton*, of Lancaster.

—— Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Moore Wharton*, to Miss *Shoemaker*, both of this city.

DIED—On Tuesday morning last, Mr. *John M. Smith* of this city, in the 45th year of his age

—— At New York, Mr *John Harrison* Editor of the Weekly Museum.

—— At New-Orleans, on the 6th of July, Mr. *Joseph Govett*, late of this city, in the 19th year of his age.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SALLY POWERS.

A SWAIN I am that's pleas'd with grots and shady bowers,
But much more fond am I of lovely Sally Powers;
And tho' I like to view gay meads and fairest flowers,
Their charms fall short of the enchanting Sally Powers;
When in the Summer, after cool refreshing showers,
How pleasing 'tis to take a walk with Sally Powers;
Many there be who seek for wives with wealthy dowers,
Content without I'd be, give me but Sally Powers;
Some wish in palaces to dwell with stately towers,
More happy in a cot I'd feel with Sally Powers;
And tho' on man misfortune much too frequent lowers,
Still bless'd I'd be with a sweet smile from Sally Powers;
On some, full oft, dame Fortune's wealth profusely pours
Yet poverty would I prefer with Sally Powers;
Of beauties rare I have heard much, and the Miss Gowers,*
But mine's the heart and mind of dearest Sally Powers;
To pass their time some play the cards at whist or all fours,
But all to me's the charming, gentle Sally Powers;
To gain a fair one's heart, men are the greatest vowers,
I'd say you've mine so give me thine dear Sally Powers;
Could I but gain this maid, how sweet would pass the hours,
Days, weeks, months, even years with lovely Sally Powers.

T.

* *Two famous British Beauties.*

ODE,

ON HEARING MUSIC.

By Scott.

YON organ! hark! how soft how sweet
The warbling notes in concert meet!
The sound my fancy leads
To climes where Phœbus' brightest beams
Gild jas'mine groves and crystal streams
And lily-mantled meads;

Where myrtle bowers their bloom unfold,
Where citrons bend with fruit of gold,
Where grapes depress the vines;
Where, on the bank with roses gay,
Love, Innocence, and Pleasure play,
And Beauty's form reclines.

Now different tones and measures flow,
And gravely deep, and sadly slow,
Involve the mind in gloom;
I seem to join the mournful train,
Attendant round the couch of Pain,
Or leaning o'er the tomb:

To where the orphan'd infant sleeps,
To where the love-lorn damsel weeps,
I pitying seem to stray;
Methinks I watch his cradle near,
Methinks her drooping thoughts I cheer,
And wipe he tears away.

Now loud the tuneful thunders roll,
And rouse and elevate the soul
O'er earth and all its care;
I seem to hear from heavenly plains
Angelic choirs' responsive strains,
And in their raptures share.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

By Dr. Langhorne.

PARENT of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!
Come, ever welcome to my breast,
A tender but a cheerful guest;
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long-indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away:
Then comes, sweet nymph, instead of thee
The gloomy fiend stupidity.
O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Tho' passions hold eternal war;
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe;
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,
E'er make this pleasing sense depart,
Ye cares oh harden not my heart,
If the fair star of Fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile;
Nor borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails spread with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want, unpitied, pines in vain.
If Heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Thro' Poverty's uneven road,
And for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, Humanity still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.
Howe'er exalted or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid Indolence reclin'd;
The soul that one long sabbath keeps
And thro' the sun's whole circle sleeps;
Dull Peace that dwells in Folly's eye,
And self-attending Vanity.
Alike the foolish, and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to Heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd—and forgot its power to save:
O for that sympathetic glow
Which bade the holy tear to flow!
It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart opprest—
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye! her aspect pale!
To Heaven she turns in deep despair,
Her infants wonder at her prayer;
And mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!
Life, fill'd with Grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more!
Assist them, hearts from anguish free;
Assist them sweet Humanity!
Parent of Virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheeks be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet Humanity!

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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